

Oregon Emerald University of Oregon, Eugene

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Day Editor This Issue—Carl Gregory Night Editor This Issue—Merlyn F. Mayzer Asst. Night Editor This Issue—Beatrice Bennett

Oregana Heads Play Square With Student Body

The resignations of Marion Sten and Ron Hubbs, editor and manager of the Oregana, were unanimously accepted by the publications committee yesterday. The editor and manager came to the conclusion, after the decision of the executive council ordering them to cut from their budget an additional sum of \$500 that they could not publish a book under existing circumstances which would be worth either the \$5 subscription price asked for it or the amount of time its publication would entail.

They were right, and their resignation should be considered as an outstanding evidence of keeping faith with the student body. They refused either to place students in debt or to charge it \$5 for a book worth less than \$3. Their reasons are cogently explained in their resignation, a copy of which is printed elsewhere in this paper verbatim.

The editor and manager came to their conclusion after thoroughly studying the situation, not only of the present year book but of the year books of several years past. They spent a full half year of work upon the book, and it is therefore somewhat presumptuous on the part of the executive council in a consideration of less than an hour to order the Oregana officers to do what they have facts and figures to prove impossible.

With its customary rare judgment the student council exercised the authority given to it by somebody—and who knows why?—to appoint another editor. A sample of the reasoning of this eminent body was afforded in its decision. The facts presented to the group were these: That the editor and manager after six months of work had given up the task demanded by the executive council as impossible; that the new editor would be forced to jump into the work at the middle of the year and would be at much more of a disadvantage than was the resigning officer; that work has stood at a standstill for some time in both business and editorial departments and consequently is far enough behind schedule that probably no one—not even those who have had six months experience on the book already—could publish it in satisfactory form by May.

Such a decision as that reached by the student council is fair to no one. It is not fair to the one named as new editor, nor to the man who will be forced to take over the position of business manager. It is not fair to the student body which will be forced to pay for the deficit if there is one and who will suffer from the publication of a later book. It is not fair to the staff which has worked under Marion Sten and Ron Hubbs and which was not consulted by anyone preliminary to the appointment of new officers.

The staff of Miss Sten and Mr. Hubbs is not only justified but almost impelled to resign in a body in sympathy with their superiors, who saw the issue in the light of the best interests of the student body and who acted in accord with them in face of almost certain criticism.

It is possible that the new editor, after looking over the situation, will see that it is her duty to follow the lead of the first editor and resign. The individual to whom the task was first offered last night, having been closely connected with the staff, immediately saw the status of the volume and did not accept the job. Another individual who was approached with the idea in mind that she might be willing to try to publish the Oregana, also refused to consider it.

The condition of the Oregana is now such that the only logical thing to do is to discontinue its publication and anyone acting with unselfish motives will realize that and refuse to burden the student body by accepting the position of editor.

"No Soap!" Editor's Cry

Some years ago a gentleman in a checkered suit with a big cigar in his mouth carrying a satchel walked up to the men's gym and knocked at the office door. That was a sad day for the male members of the associated students of the University of Oregon. Stepping inside, this gentleman announced in stentorian tones to the assembled Physical Educators that his name was such-and-such and would they have a cigar. These formalities over he opened his bag and drew forth a strange looking device. "This, Gentlemen," said the newcomer, "is a soap machine." "A soap machine?" cried the P. E.'s in unison, their mouths dropping open at the wonderful toy. "Yes, a soap machine," replied the stranger, "and I am a soap-machine salesman." "Goodie, goodie!" went up the delighted cry, for they wanted dreadfully this shiny new soap machine. And they got it. It cut the soap bill in half. We doubt if there is any soap bill. Not on our account. Maybe there are magic words. We don't want magic words. We want soap. Regardless of sentimental attachment we feel that such a temperamental and obtuse bit of paraphernalia should find its way into the scrap heap

after three years or so of daily demonstrating its utter failure to function.

Perhaps our editorial policy of providing our critics with that which our paper lacks will act as a boomerang. Perhaps we will be presented with a complimentary bar of soap. Who knows?—L. H.



SPEAKING OF NEW SONG HITS, HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST CHRISTMAS ONE, "I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE?" Guess there are others who are in the same boat as some of us.

TODAY'S PUTRID PUN "Swelter" * * * Gee, it'd be swelter be * * * warm once more.

A RHYME OF THE TIME Cigarettes, football and "flu," Air craft, "co-op," and Sigma Nu. Books, slabwood, singing troupe, "Classified," fine arts, and—hot Duck Soup— Read the "Emerald"

Yes, that's all O. K., But get this pray: I'll pull my gun If you don't lay off That "Putrid Pun!"

THERE IS ONE PERSON ON THIS CAMPUS (NAME ON REQUEST) WHO LIKES PUTRID PUNS SO THEY MUST CONTINUE. Also, so many advance puns have been turned in that we can't let go to waste.

AUNT DUCKLE Dear Aunt Duckie, Please, please tell us what to do. That mean old kitten those Sherry Ross boys have just chased our beautiful dog Fritz all the time. Yours for fewer cats, SIGMA HALL.

Dear Sigma Hall, I think this is just a stunt to get publicity like Topsy. But send us the cat and we can effectively use it in our next dish of Duck Soup. Here's for more beautiful dogs like yours, AUNT DUCKLE.

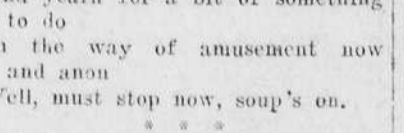
CO-EDS MAKE GOOD DIPLOMATS—THEY'RE SO FOND OF MANDATES. A report writing theme, with these words written on it by a prof., was found in the Duck Soup box. "Not the least bit literary—fit for Duck Soup only!!!" (Grade, by the way, was 0)

WE ARE SORRY, BUT WE CANNOT USE ZERO MATERIAL, EVEN IN THIS KIND OF WEATHER. * * * Connie the cautious co-ed * * * wants to know why they don't * * * have all these cigarette tests * * * at the blind school and save * * * all the trouble and costs of * * * blindfolding.

WE WISH TO DENY ALL RUMORS THAT "THE AMBLER" IS WRITTEN BY ONE OF THE BLIND STUDENTS. Poems are written by guys like me Who want free passes the shows to see We turn our talent to petty gain And ignore "ars artis" our ends to attain. For alas, we poets are human too, And yearn for a bit of something to do In the way of amusement now and anon Well, must stop now, soup's on.

Harold (Shovel) Allen, California's boon to the female set, has had to stay in at night lately because the brothers get vicious when he borrows their blankets on these cold nights.

THE COOK



McDONALD—"The Air Circus," starring Louise Dressler, David Rollin and Sue Carol. An aviation drama. Also, Anatole Freidland's "Rich Revue," and Benito Mussolini and the Vatican choir in "Songs of Italy."

THEATERS



HEILIG—"The Gun Runners," with Ricardo Cortez. A soldier of fortune story. Also, the Singer Musical Comedy company in "The Passing Show of Nineteen Twenty-eight," featuring Glen Singer.

COLONIAL—"Oh Kay," with Colleen Moore, Alan Hale and Ford Sterling. Also "The Campus Carmen," a Mack Sennett comedy starring Daphne Pollard.

REX—"Searlet Seas," featuring Richard Barthelme and Betty Compton. A romance of the briny deep. Also, "Just Dandy," a Christie Educational comedy.

Turning.. Back Pages-

In Campus History That Tell How The Collegians Used to Act.

Twenty-five Years Ago From The Oregon Weekly, Dec. 7, 1903 The Alumni association, at its last annual meeting, voted a yearly appropriation of \$25 for the purchase of a yearly gold medal, such medal to be awarded each year to the person adjudged to be the best individual debater.

Fifteen Years Ago From Oregon Emerald, Dec. 9, 1913 Oregon's varsity basketball team will play 16 games during the month of February, including six games with Washington and four games with O. A. C. The library posts in rapidly increasing numbers have again descended upon our fair university and are making the solemn atmosphere of our library hideous with giggles and gossip every afternoon. Won't somebody stop them again?

The 1915 Oregana staff has announced the dedication of their book to Regent S. H. Friendly. Yesterday we saw: MARK TAYLOR on the law school bar (carb) . . . RAY EDWARDS pigging across the street . . . DON JOHNSON, The Cook, in a Napoleonic pose . . . BILL DONALDSON shoveling in beans . . . PETER PROCTOR leaning his chair against the wall . . . HAZEL HEINE and her blonde coiffeur . . . LOIS NORTHROP and our football hero . . . DICK HORN booting a pigskin in the street . . . KENNETH KNOWLES occupying the Kappa Delta porch swing . . . VERNON MCGEE waiting for doctor's care.

The Ambler

MARK TAYLOR on the law school bar (carb) . . . RAY EDWARDS pigging across the street . . . DON JOHNSON, The Cook, in a Napoleonic pose . . . BILL DONALDSON shoveling in beans . . . PETER PROCTOR leaning his chair against the wall . . . HAZEL HEINE and her blonde coiffeur . . . LOIS NORTHROP and our football hero . . . DICK HORN booting a pigskin in the street . . . KENNETH KNOWLES occupying the Kappa Delta porch swing . . . VERNON MCGEE waiting for doctor's care.



The Dial will meet Monday evening at Mrs. McClain's home, 1300 Alder.

Regular meeting of the Varsity Phi Kappa Phi Friday evening at 7:30 at the Y hut.

Will all faculty members who are members of Phi Beta Kappa notify Miss Mary Kent at the extension division before Saturday noon.

Newman club will meet Sunday evening, December 9, at 8 o'clock at Newman Hall, 1062 Charleston street. Evolution will be the topic for discussion.

All W. A. A. sports representatives who have receipt books are asked to turn them in between the hours

of 1 and 4 today at the round table in the Woman's building. There will be a social swim today at 7:30 p. m. in the Woman's building. CLASSIFIED LOST—Black Waterman pen, Chip off cap. Return to depot and claim reward. 12-7-8

Xmas Shopping

The clever Christmas gift is not always the expensive one. Have you seen our distinctive assortment of flowers, scarfs, hosiery and costume jewelry? Our hosiery in service and chiffon weights fills both the practical and beautiful requirements of the gift.

Letitia Abrams Next to First National Bank



The whole day gets a cheery start when Kellogg's Corn Flakes come to breakfast. Here is flavor to tempt any appetite and crispness that makes the calmest taste excited. Kellogg's are ideal for a late snack at the end of the evening too. So good and easy to digest. All restaurants serve them.



"And the blend can't be copied!"



No visitor to Normandy ever considered his tour complete until he had made the pilgrimage to Mont St. Michel and the Inn of the Famous Omelet—Chez Madame Poulard, P'ncomparable, la Fameuse Omelette. The Madame is since gone, but not until just before she died did she reveal the secret of her famous omelets. No doubt hundreds have tried—and struggled in vain—to use the precious information, but as a writer has put

it, the Inn without Madame is "like Yara's hall without the harp." The making of a great cigarette, too, is a secret to be guarded. The artistry lies in how the tobaccos are blended—and from our own private formula comes the rich fruity flavor that you get in your Chesterfield. Suffice it to say that our blend can't be copied—nor for mildness with flavor can you duplicate the rare Chesterfield goodness.

CHESTERFIELD MILD enough for anybody..and yet..THEY SATISFY